



# THE LÄWRENTIÄN



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FRIDAY, APRIL 13

## Laugh distribution shows inflation at Downer B room

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

Downer Commons—"This ham is really tough! I can hardly get through it," quipped Tom Clowes to an audience of fourteen 'cellists sitting around an inadequately sized, round table. The comment spurred the table to uproarious laughter, an incident that some onlookers believe to be yet another example of joke inflation in Downer's B room.

"I remember my freshman year people thought about the jokes they made. You would hear puns and epigrams, irony and wit, the juxtaposition of disparate elements, and most of it was done subtly," explained senior David Rees. "It was rare that someone would risk slap stick, and it had to be a sure thing." In recent years, however, Rees cites a trend towards settling for what he calls 'easy jokes,' typified by loud laughter and discussions of overcooked food. The trend is causing many to question current methods for evaluating jokes.

"I've heard [the 'cello studio]. They start their meals laughing and chanting and their jokes are self-referential to the point where I don't think they're referring to anything at all," explained one diner. More than anything else they laugh, "and at nearly anything." Their cracks are reported to range from the puerile to the hostile and from the slapstick to the downright dangerous. "I've seen them play fork magnet," reported one student, "they 'call' that someone is magnetic and then throw their forks—dirty or clean—at them." And then fanatically, furiously—"and I think forcedly," added Rees—they laugh.

Accusations of joke inflation have led to finger pointing. Though many contend that the 'cello studio is at the forefront of the trend, others are quick to assert that they are

not alone.

A group recognized as 'the jazz guys' has also been charged with joke inflation. 'The jazz guys' sit at a number of tables in the center of the room, conducting what are often jovial conversations that persist over a distance of several tables. "They're really pleased with themselves; they think that the dynamic of their jokes in B room is as sharp as their angular riffing in the jazz room," noted a perturbed Leslie Monagle, sophomore English major. That combined with their habit of smiling maniacally while using their dishes to create what is described by most as "maniacally annoying music," demonstrates the group's continuing ability to break ground on the issue of joke inflation. "I mean, it sounds like they're banging dirty dishes together," noted one witness irritably.

Mike O'Brien, super-senior cello performance major and member of the 'cello table, defended the inflation, asking, "what's wrong with it if we're having fun?" Others, however, see a variety of problems with joke inflation.

"I've noticed that when I look at them when they're being especially loud, it increases their sense of the hilarity," said junior economics major, Tim Schmidt. "It's funny just that they're being disruptive, and there's no end to that."

Others take a longer view of the problem. Senior art major, Charlie Arnold observes that if inflation continues, "it will eventually be impossible to recognize and reward truly exceptional jokes." Arnold added, "increasing the value of bad jokes obviously devalues good jokes. And I think it's a slippery slope; I think, and I don't want to sound dramatic, that it could even

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## Patterson scales library pillar in the name of library policy

Circulation Manager's sacrifice divides book-borrowing public

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

In an act hailed by some as inspired and by others as sheer madness, Cindy Patterson, Head of Circulation at the Seeley G. Mudd library, has scaled a first-floor library pillar, promising not to descend until her righteous demands are met.

Well into the third day of her pillar strike, Patterson announced in holy shrieks and wails that she will cling to the concrete supporting pillar—

apparently through sheer force of will alone—until all overdue library materials have been returned to the circulation desk.

"I have gone up upon a pillar for you. And upon this pillar, I will continue to suffer for your right to borrow library materials when you need them, and for whatever duration of time you need them, but I can only do this if you want in your hearts to comply. And if you do not heed my beneficent call, I will wither for you," Patterson said.

Patterson also announced that overdue items can be renewed by contacting a representative of the circulation desk, either in person or by phone.

"It's open weekdays 8 a.m. - 1 a.m., Saturdays 10 a.m.-11p.m., and Sundays 11 a.m.-1 a.m.," she squealed to the crowd below, beating her breast with her one free arm.

Medievalist and Professor Emeritus William Chaney, a frequent pilgrim to site of

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## Warch indistinguishable from parody of himself

President's advisors at a loss for solution

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

In a press conference yesterday, Dean of the Faculty Brian Rosenberg announced that he will be taking over the day-to-day operations of the university until further notice.

Reading from a prepared statement Rosenberg said, "As many of President Warch's closest advisors have known for many years, the president has two sides, the Rik Warch we all know and love, and the parody of that Rik Warch, rather a self-parody. Generally, we would only see the parody side at things like convocations and trustee meetings, where Rik would pause after words like "robust" to wait for applause. We thought we had it under control, though, and that as long as it did not affect the

day-to-day operations we would be all right. Sadly, we were wrong."

Recently, said Rosenberg, staff had begun to notice Rik's behavior becoming more erratic. In his last memo to the faculty, Warch declared that he himself was "a natural extension of the mission of liberal learning."

Vice-President for Business Affairs and Administration Bill Hodgkiss noted that the last email he received from the president was titled "Musings on Masonite." "I only wanted some feedback on paneling for the new guest house," said Hodgkiss.

Finally, the problem could no longer be ignored when at a recent faculty meeting Warch paused for laughter after saying the words "Thank you all for coming. And now down to the business of liberal learning." His pause lasted, by some accounts, over a minute, and only ended when Professor Spurgin finally burst out laughing. Apparently the damage was

done. Though the meeting proceeded without further incident, Warch is no longer able to communicate with the outside world.

Professor Peter Fritzell was able to communicate with Warch for a few minutes after the meeting. By all accounts, the conversation consisted of Fritzell walking up to Warch and alternately saying "sorry," clapping his hands on his head, and covering his mouth while saying "whoop."

After the conversation, Fritzell was able to report that Warch was in good spirits but was unable to overcome the grip of what he called "the Warch-o impulse."

After the meeting adjourned, Warch was taken to an undisclosed hospital where he is presumably receiving treatment.

Professor Bertrand Goldgar was not at the meeting but said, "I knew this would happen all along. I've been warning him about this for years."

An inside source at Sasaki Associates released a previously undisclosed section of the Sasaki housing proposal to the Läwrentiän on Monday. The new section consisted of a computer rendering (right) and the following text:

"Using new mining technology, it would be possible to lower the fraternity quad to a significant depth below the surface of campus and thus create considerable space for new construction. Our surveys suggest that most quad residents would actually approve of the change. They cite increased ability to barbecue and saunas as a priority for new housing. Preliminary engineering reports suggest that a chute of sorts for the quick transport of freshman girls to the quad would be feasible."

Sasaki officials would were not available for comment on the new section of the proposal.

Brian Lambert, a resident of the Beta house, expressed optimism about the proposal. "I look forward to working with Sasaki on this one. I think they might really have something here. Just think of what this could do for the next Beach Bash."

Phi Tau representative Eric Waldron was equally encouraged. "Heaven and Hell will take on a whole new meaning next year," said Waldron.



photo by Paul Shrode



## SOUP returns student organizations to feudal system

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

At least week's LUCC meeting, SOUP (the Student Organization Under Paul) announced its intention to expand and take over several related student organizations, academic departments, and residence halls.

SOUP representative Lindsay Rocamora announced to the committee that SOUP would take over the Classic Film Club, OM Films, VIVA, DFC, the Objectivist Club, the Gender Studies department, College Republicans, Trever Hall, the Joy Luck Club, Salon, and Physical Plant beginning first term next year.

"We just thought it was time to consolidate, for the sake of efficiency," said Rocamora.

"With all these groups under one umbrella, it should be easier to serve the entertainment needs of the students and

to use the funding efficiently. And it's about time someone did something about Trever," said SOUP overlord and advisor Paul Shrode.

LUCC President Chris Worman said, "As a committee, as a group of guys committed to leadership, we are glad to see a group showing this kind of commitment to leadership. We are particularly pleased to see someone taking the initiative with Gender Studies. We think it has tremendous unrealized entertainment potential."

College Republican President Ryan Tierknee declared his vassalage shortly after the meeting by kissing the hem of Shrode's robe.

"It's perfectly natural that this kind of melding of the genres should take place. We're living in the post modern condition, after all," said Tom Shriner.

## Fritzell recants after 35 years of self-described "poppycock"

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

In an exclusive interview, Professor of English Peter Fritzell has revealed to the Lawrentian that he has been "scamming" the Lawrence student body for the past 35 years.

"Quite frankly, it's all been poppycock," he said.

This news will come as quite a shock to the hordes of Lawrence students who have eagerly enrolled in his classes for the past three and a half decades in the hopes of latching on to a minute shred of his wisdom, delivered in his unmistakably robust baritone.

"You take a some freshman straight out of, say, some podunk Nebraska high school," confided Fritzell, chuckling under his breath with uncharacteristic candor, "you yank at your hair, you tug at your beard, you climb up onto a desk, and in no fewer than three guttural noises and some barked profanities, you can convince her and pretty much anybody else that you're a damned genius."

Fritzell confided that such devices as physically signaling scare quotes around words like "is" and feigning difficulty in arriving at the right words to express rudimentary concepts have also played a part in his elaborate ruse.

"Sure," he explained, "there's no such thing as a transparent signifier, but come on. Who really worries about that? As long as you have the general idea of what someone is talking about, you don't need to dilly-dally with all of that grunting nonsense. You'd have to be insane to treat words on a page as though they don't refer to anything else!

"It's really quite funny that nobody ever called me on it," he observed.

Fritzell claims that he originally adopted his flamboyant yet befuddled posture, or "persona," as he puts it, in an attempt to bolster his chances of

receiving tenure. "I mean, when I was back at Stanford, I toyed with the idea. One night, when I was out at a bar, I told all of my buddies, if I ever get a job as an academic, I'll just act so weird that everyone will assume I'm really smart. Tenure boards are so spineless anyway. With that kind of front, they'll be too scared to fire me, I said.

"It started out as kind of a joke. But it worked. And take a look at me now! I mean, I could do it like everyone else, but why?"

After a few years of performing his routine, however, Fritzell began to enjoy playing the role of the wacky, gesticulating English prof. "I began really to enjoy having my way with the students that didn't catch on to the joke. I also grew fond of the bemused looks on the faces of the students who knew I was putting them on. You think I didn't know they saw through it? Oh, I knew."

Fritzell recalls one specific gag that he's been "milking for years": "So, I'm teaching Huck Finn, right? And I get to the part where Huck says 'there weren't no Arabs' and get this: I mutter, stammer, and shout some nonsense about how indeed there are Arabs—that the Arabs are present in the word on the page, no less. I tell you, they swallow it like it's Chai or something. You should see their eyes," he said, with a giddy twinkle in his own.

"You like that one, you should hear what I say about Prufrock's 'human voices': It's a telephone call, I say. Sweet Jesus."

Fritzell declared that, starting next year, his curriculum will encourage "close textual readings" of the material and will feature analysis of such phenomena as "character," "plot," and "theme." He added, contemplatively, that he might even extend the bounds of his curriculum to include discussion of "tropes."

### Snoop Dog gets second chance at fame at recent gender studies conference.

Melinda Steven Tofts-Melbec-Tolstoy, a professor of gender and cultural studies at Ripon College presented a paper at a recent gender studies conference affirming Snoop Dogg's premise in his 1993 Doggystyle album. "I've found that in fact, 'b\*tches ain't [sic] sh\*t but hoes and tricks."

Her paper will appear in an upcoming issue of Ms. Magazine, which published her last paper on Aerosmith lyrics of the mid-70s and perception of women in society, entitled, "What we really see when we're 'down on the muffin.'"

### Goldgar already dead

Professor of history Edmund Kern recently uncovered a three year old Post-Crescent obituary for Professor of English Bertrand Goldgar. "It's come as only a mediocre surprise to me," said Kern. "From his stodgy academic politics to his interminably plodding gait, I've long suspected that the old man was the walking undead."

During the three years since his death, Goldgar has, as far as anyone can tell, carried-out his professorial duties powered only by the momentum of his preced-

ing 44 years of teaching and living the life of a professional academic, from home to office, office to classroom, classroom to office, and office to home.

President Warch commented that although he did not guess at the professor's death, he was nevertheless "not surprised to find that Goldgar was as much of a pain in the ass in death as he was in life," though a consensus exists among grill employees that his legendary impatience



has slackened considerably. "He's not as unpleasant as he used to be," complimented one worker. "He seems to have lost some of the old energy now—I mean, now that he's dead and all."

In addition to carrying out his responsibilities to students, the expired professor continued to churn out scholarly editions of the works of Henry Fielding. Said Goldgar, "Not bad, I'd say. I've managed to publish more than some professors who have not suffered the disadvantage of

not being alive."

University lawyers are currently scrambling to determine whether tenure laws apply post-mortem.

### Conservatory student speaks out on academic hardships, laments, laughs

Ingrid Hannah Mortson, a sophomore majoring in vocal performance, told this reporter, in great detail, about the pressures of majoring in the Conservatory. In addition to taking the required Conservatory courses, this student has decided to include in her schedule a number of "college" courses, including psychology of music, physics of music, and introduction to queer theory.

The quantity and difficulty of required academic material has seriously drained Ingrid's time resources. With a heart-felt sigh, she reported that she had "spent a total of eight hours in the library over the past two days, in addition to practicing for at least an hour a day."

Onlookers were confused when Ingrid, despite the prospect of facing her intimidating schedule, concluded her report with a cheerful laugh and a shrug of her shoulders. "I

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## DFC petition changes spelling of "Colman Hall" to "Colmyn"

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

The members of Downer Feminist Council celebrated Sunday at the success of their petition to change the spelling of "Colman Hall" to "Colmyn." The letters on the building were amended in a ceremony Wednesday, followed by a reception in Downer Room B. The plan has been in the works for the past three months.

"It's like, every time I would walk into...the building I could, you know, feel the pain right here," explained Dar Clumps-Mitchner, indicating with her shoulders. "That word—that MAN—it was so...oppressive, if you know what I mean?"

The petition was proposed after a DFC member reportedly broke down at the doors to the residence hall last December. "I don't know what came over me," explained DFC member Joe Gilliford. "I could totally feel the pain from, like, all of the years that womyn have been so suffering. I realized then that the pain had to stop." The womyn and man of the group devised a proposal for many changes to the building, which currently houses the Panhellenic wing as well as Lucinda's dining hall.

"Did you ever notice that Lucinda's is only open for part of the week, while the dining facility named for a man is open all seven days? That's the sort of thing that still happens and needs to change. It isn't a coincidence—it is something people have just accepted for too long," explained Clumps-Mitchner.

The group is happy with the progress that it has made, but is not done with their improvements. Other plans include



photo by Paul Shrode

removing the word "Darling" from the name. "It's hard, you know? Because we don't want a name that sounds weak to represent womyn, but we also respect Lucinda keeping her maiden name. It's something we have been discussing and will look into various ways of resolving," explained Gilliford. Proposed solutions include replacing "Darling" with alternative affectionate terms that will display strength, such as "Mathematicallybright," "Respectedpeerandequal," or "Confidentandcapable." "We're trying to keep the meaning, but make, like, a better statement about womyn, if you know what I mean?" said Elli Rose Cole-Trapp.

Cole-Trapp expressed hope that the future could hold no limit in its possibilities. She encourages people to bring forth their own concerns to which the group can investigate solutions. "Everyone needs to feel free to express what they feel, you know? I mean, something like this shouldn't be bottled up! I encourage all people to try to bring to feminism what Tom Shriner

brings to postmodernism—a voice!"

"I realize we have gotten a lot of criticism," admitted Gilliford. "And I totally agree. The thing is, we can only take it one step at a time. People that criticize don't understand that these things are not easy to change. Colmyn may be one small step, but it is a step in the right direction." With this success, the council has hopes to continue their efforts to create an environment that encourages equality as the norm.

Other plans include a new general education requirement subcategory entitled: "Gender-perspective and Self-identity," which would entail every student taking at least five credits in Gender Studies or Environmental Science prior to graduation. With the changes currently being made at the library, DFC members intend to contribute two hours a week to counting the number of authors of each gender to ensure that the two figures are equal.

The Lawrence web site, pamphlets, and maps will reflect the changes to the spelling by Fall of 2001.



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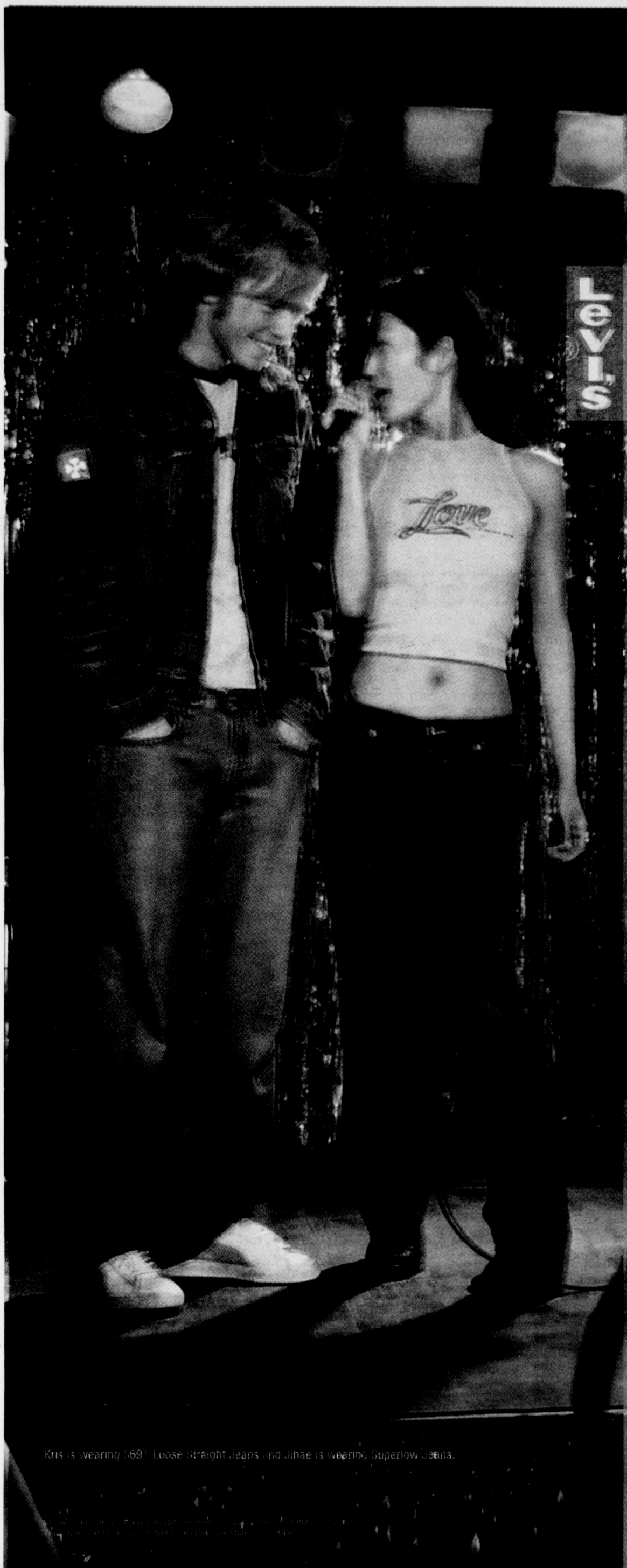
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## CLASSIFIED

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### Senior philosophy major surprised to discover meat-heads in Colman Hall

Bespectacled senior philosophy major Quentin Jamison was surprised earlier this year to find that two meatheads live in the room directly across the corridor from his cozy Colman Hall single.

"I mean, it's not a big deal," claimed Jamison. "I think that people should feel comfortable doing their own thing. It's just that I thought all the meat-heads lived on the other side of campus."

Jamison, who is of a quiet but charming disposition, will soon be completing his senior thesis on Ludwig Wittgenstein's *Logische-Philosophische Abhandlung*.

The freshmen roommates who live across the corridor, lovingly referred to by their friends as Dizzy and Puke, frequently engage in dart-throwing tournaments and WWF-watching parties, guzzling cans of Bud Light and grunting barely discernible phrases throughout the duration of each night.

"I lived in Colman as a

freshman and I had my fun, you know? The occasional beer, the occasional joint. My friends and I used to watch Woody Allen movies. But nothing like this, really. I don't know, I'm going to graduate this year, so who's complaining?"

### Recent Performance Pushes Reischl, Orchestra in New Direction

An extraordinary performance at last Saturday's Disco Benefit Ball has convinced Lawrence Symphony Orchestra conductor Bridget-Michaele Reischl to expand the horizons of the orchestra.

This week, Reischl submitted her suggested reforms to the Conservatory. The list included recommendations such as the addition of

lighted disco flooring to the planned Chapel stage remodeling and the future replacement of Pierre Plax with someone "more in tune with his bad self."

During her sabbatical Reischl intends to study with Professor Emeritus William Chaney on material from his course, "The Glory That Was Glamrock." Reischl sees these reforms as steps in a direction that was "necessary and long overdue."

## News in Hong

# Residence Life staff goes too far, says Warch

BY PAUL SHRODE  
 STAFF WRITER

In a characteristically ridiculous move, the Residence Life Staff, headed by Dean Truesdell, has decided to appoint an RLA to President Warch's private residence.

"We're just here to help if the president needs help with students or the pressures of running the university or anything else," said Amy Uecke. "And we know that Margot can be difficult, and we just want Rik to know that we're here for him, 24/7."

"I really didn't think this was necessary at first," protested Warch. "But Margot doesn't seem to mind, so I guess we'll give it a go."

The RLA, who has yet to be chosen, will be expected to train for the same problems that arise in student situations.

"An RLA should be able to resolve household issues as a non-partisan by-stander," said Truesdell. "If Margot's blasting ELO again, and Rik is trying to

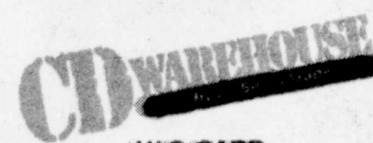
get work done, then the RLA can intervene to resolve the problem. Far Side cartoons and motivational quotations in the bathrooms can help get your day off right. I understand they have trouble with this now, but they'll soon be better able to find their way to each other's rooms thanks to the RLA's door decks."

The RLA will also be expected to fulfil other duties.

"We expect this exceptional student to be prepared to deal with faculty matters and domestic disputes," said Uecke.

The RLA will also be responsible for coming up with house activities. Some already suggested ideas include an educational program entitled "Safe sex and the President" and a late night pancake breakfast for the residents.

"The president is an integral part of the Lawrence campus. We want him to be a part of our building community," said Uecke.



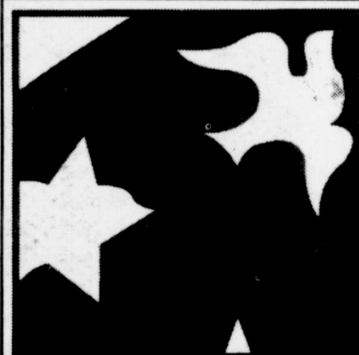
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## Lawrentians donate fall A&F line

*Students dig deep into closets to help a worthy cause*

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

In an impressive display of compassion, numerous Lawrentians donated used articles from Abercrombie and Fitch's fall line of clothing in order to assist the impoverished Cambodian village of Bangran.

Many of the students expressed heartfelt concern about the citizens of Bangran and welcomed the opportunity to lend a hand.

One such student, Mary Bunder, a sophomore, stated, "I've already bought everything from Abercrombie's spring line. I don't need the 'Abercrombie Kickboxing' sweatpants or 'Abercrombie Perfect Girl' t-shirts from the fall. Why not help a poor kid with them?" The cargo pants donations from Beta Theta Pi alone, clothed

130 Bangranese.

Gai Tuk, 33, who received a beige pair of cargo pants, declared, "After a landmine injured my legs, I never thought that I could feel comfortable again in pants. Now, I'm not only comfortable, I'm hip."

Other contributions from campus included 200 Abercrombie cargo shorts; hundreds of various cologne-laden Abercrombie t-shirts; 150 Abercrombie "Surf Team" baseball caps; and 30 pairs of Abercrombie sandals, which were stained by the type of sand that is dumped into a fraternity basement for a wild party and then painstakingly shoveled out a day later.

When asked about the great humanitarian effort it took for a campus with a population of roughly 1,200 students to clothe a village population of 9,000 with the fall line of A&F, one donor insisted, "We're not heroes, we're just making room in our closet for the spring line."



(above) Lei Po models one of the many "pairs" of cargo pants donated by Lawrentians.

(right) Young Duk Wei covers his hunger distended belly with a donated A&F tiny t-shirt.

## Whether funnier or not, jokes are getting more laughs

*continued from page 1*

change the meaning of laughter."

Clowes admitted, "the other day I started to tell a joke and people started laughing right away. I didn't even get to a punch-line when I was just drowned out." When a fellow cello studio member and close friend of Clowes heard about the gaff, she explained, "well I guess it wasn't really funny what you said, but it was the way you said it."

Assistant Professor of Economics John Higgins was willing to comment on the issue. "Well, I would start by saying that it's not joke inflation that we're dealing with, but rather laughter inflation.

But that being said, I would only add that, sure, if there's no demand for good jokes, then..."

Professor Peter Peregrine adds, "Joke inflation isn't the result of a decline in joke-making skills. Quite the contrary, in recent years, students have just gotten funnier."

Others are more concerned with the peripheral problems with joke inflation. "I don't know about joke inflation," freshman flute performance major Anna Stirr comments, "but I had to move to C room because [the jazz guys] were always making eye contact with me after they'd say something. I just didn't know what to do."

Few continue to deny the existence of joke inflation in B room of

Downer. More difficult is determining its origins and possible solutions to the problems.

Some believe the seeds were planted in the 1992-93 decision to make B room, the only room in which smoking was allowed, non-smoking. Others point to the recent prominence of political correctness.

Ultimately short-term solutions—for example, making B room a 'whispers only room'—are only a Dutch boy's finger in a damn. The perpetrators would, after all, most likely switch to a different room. In the end, one student suggests, "nothing will change until students once again want to hear funny jokes."

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guess that's just what makes us connies," she said before hitting the handicap button and exiting the library.

**Halter-tops to compose core of "Good Stuff for Her" new student week buckets**

Fraternity plans to contribute to new student week buckets were revealed last week, and center on a "necessary addition" to the "Good Stuff for Her" buckets traditionally distributed to incoming female freshmen. The necessary item is halter-tops.

Coming in a variety of sizes, shapes, and colors, the necessity of the halter-top additions stems from the way they help some female freshmen adapt to fraternity living.

Among their uses: house parties, after-formal informal wear, and, when necessary, beer rags. Halter-tops have long been considered a staple of "house girl" living, and their addition to the "Good Stuff for Her" buckets arose in answer to a growing concern amongst fraternities.

Explains an inside source for the Lawrentian: "I think the halter-tops are great. I mean, before, you would waste your entire evening actually trying to figure out which freshmen girls were gonna be permanent frat house fixtures. Now, with the halter-tops you can go directly from step A to C. You skip B, and you just know."

**LU adopts hilarious, non-sensical course names in order to compete with Erbert & Gerbert's**

It was declared on Monday that Lawrence University's course titles, hitherto chosen for their "descriptive value," would be replaced by Seussian nonsense words. The decision is an attempt to regain ground lost to competition from Erbert & Gerberts, the popular College Avenue establishment whose sandwiches such as the Gif and Pudder both charm and delight. Accordingly, Gender Studies is now "Pluffer Nudder," Economics is the "Costy Curvy," and Studio Art has become the "Ahrtsy

Flarhtsy." In addition, all LU graduates will now receive crisp dill pickles and soft dough with their diplomas.

**Earnest prospective student receives campus tour, fellatio**

Notably absent from "Prospie" Chris Marx's Wednesday tour schedule was the ad hoc oral sex which he received at approximately 1:15 a.m. in the Memorial Union Gameroom, amid the odor of stale cigarettes and the electronic tweets and flickering lights of video game machines. Marx, a high school senior from Slinger, WI, described the sex as "pretty good."

**Senior Class Gift is \$15 gift certificate to Applebee's**

In a move that has been described as both "cheap" and "tepid," the Class of 2001 presented a \$15 Applebee's gift certificate to Lawrence University in a half-hearted ceremony on Thursday. Said spokesperson Curt Lauderdale, "I'd kinda put off getting a gift until the last minute, and I know Lawrence [University] really likes Applebees and all and I just thought, well, 'shit,' you know?" The certificate was accompanied by an unsigned Hallmark card.

**Pillar of the literary canon dismissed as "bullsh\*t" by freshman studies student**

Steve Cartwright, a freshman and freshly minted fraternity member asserted on Thursday that Frankenstein or the Modern Prometheus a work beloved for its frank portrayal of scientific hubris and a metaphor for our times, is "totally bullshit" as well as "written really gay." He went on to explain that the Zhuangzi, one of the cornerstones of eastern thought, is "all screwed up." Cartwright is currently enrolled in an introductory gender studies course in order to meet attractive young women.

*continued STORY page 5*

## A heartburn-inducing beer of staggering acidity

*The dialogue of the beer with the reviewer has begun*

BY PAUL SHRODE  
STAFF WRITER

My first impression of Olde English was, of course, an unpleasant one. It's a cloudy, harsh product, brewed with ethics-violating and diabetes-inducing proportions of sugar and preservatives, in enormous lots; its reason for being is to induce drunkenness as fast as possible. Then I came to realize that Olde English is a post-modern beer—its excesses jus-

tified, no, made necessary! by its heartrending sincerity and, may I say, tragedy; with breast-baring honesty, it lays itself open crying out, Love me for what I am! Its anonymous brewmaster has conquered the temptation of seducing the drinker with a crassly enjoyable taste, satisfying body, and interesting aftertaste. Olde English demands to be judged on its inner qualities.

The label, in the red of Wales and the white of England, tells us that the beer contains "water, malt, hops, yeast, and is there really any reason other than cheap shots at the ignorant and poor that

justifies publishing this kind of thing?" I tell it, "You're coming out of character again." "Can any one malt liquor really unify all the negative qualities you've attributed to this drink? You say it's acidic, gratingly sour, stale and skunky; cabbagey, with notes of asparagus, fungus, must, batteries, and betel nut. The last one especially is over the top. This reads as though, for parodic effect, some fresh-faced punk had taken all the bad points from a number of malt liquors, and for puerile and self-serving ends made them into a unified offense to the malt liquor drinker. Are you writing this out of guilt at

the pretentiousness and tentatiousness of your usual review? Is the joke that no malt liquor could possibly be suitable for your exalted consumption unless it was brewed by monks?"

Olde English goes well with chicken wings, rotting carcasses, Canadian ketchup-flavoured potato chips, phlegm, gunpowder, borscht, gelatinized madrilenes, and stinky, stinky cheese. Price \$1.95 for a forty-ounce bottle, and \$500 for medical bills.



Olde English Malt Liquor 40 oz.



## A more forthright statement

BY JESSIE AUGUSTYN  
OPINIONS EDITOR

In the past, several of my editorials have drawn criticism for having malicious undercurrents. DFC and the body image group on campus have written letters and even talked directly to me about what they perceived as problems with my opinions.

The arguments I have made, I think, are sound. Why else would I have written them? Improper use of advertising and forcing issues on the campus population seem matters that needed to be addressed. I could have apologized for my views, but why? At the time they were written, I had the best interest of the campus at heart. It's not that I don't like feminists and people with eating disorders, it's that I hate them. Every bra-burning, under-eating, self-absorbed last one of them.

I don't want to waste my time specifically outlining every individual or group that I hate. It would just take too much time. So to help, I've compiled a short list of some of the people I would have liked to write on.

Some others I hate include: couples who can't produce children, divorced women, Unitarian clergymen, eunuchs, Sally Struthers, the underprivileged, the illiterate, the obese, the incontinent, men who grow beards to hide acne, racial, ethnic, and religious minorities who continually assert their 'rights,' the developmentally disabled, abused children, hypochondriacs, day-care workers, the elderly (all of them), reformed alcoholics, religious fanatics, optimists, Democrats, art majors, Asians, giant white bunnies, connies, not to mention men and women afflicted with speech impediments, cosmetic glasses, physical deformities, small genitalia, attached ear lobes, webbed toes, pony tails, pig tails, freckles, overactive sweat glands, hormone deficiencies, ear wax build-up, bad breath, visible lesions, bad teeth, and those who don't floss.

There you have it. Now I'm sure some of the people on campus that wear cosmetic glasses are going to be a bit upset. You can mail your complaints to the Lăwrentiän.

### DISCLAIMER:

This is satire people. It is supposed to be funny, and sophisticated people should be able to laugh at themselves as well as others. Please lighten up, and we'll all have a good time. Thanks.

## My philistine RLA has never read Orwell

EDITORIAL

BY NOLAN HARTLEY

When I was sparking up like probably my fifth bowl yesterday, I got a knock on my door. It was my RLA (he's such a prick and he's a philistine too). Anyway, he asked me can I turn that noise down please and also am I smoking marijuana? Now, I'm not one to complain about the lowly cretins that are in charge of "Residence Life" here at Lawrence. I mean, seriously: what a bunch of regulation-fetishizing sadists. That would be wasting my energy on the unenlightened. But come on, I object to the notion that Debussy is noise. And anyway I was just having a relaxing puff.

So, having recently read Foucault's Discipline and Punish, I knew exactly what I had to do. First, I lied, which I think is completely justifiable, seeing as how my RLA was mindlessly exercising the would-be-panoptic, hegemonic muscle of some nameless, faceless higher-up. I told him no, I'm not smoking marijuana you asshole, but then I added—in what I think was a rather appropriate twist—I asked him to please interrogate the agenda that implicitly—and perhaps subconsciously—informed the impetuosity of his craving to bust me. I told him that he needed to undercut the binary opposition between "legality" and "illegality," that he needed at least to make the attempt to purge his consciousness of the connotations of each.

I mean, what do you expect? Just like Dostoevsky's Underground Man, we pot smokers need to take matters underground. Used to be that you could spark up a doobie whenever you wanted. Not anymore. All because these stupid RLAs are driven by

guilt. They adhere mindlessly to what Nietzsche has called the Judeo-Christian "slave-morality."

But this guy was having none of it. He said could he please come in? I said absolutely not, and it was clear to me that he had read neither Hannah Arendt nor anything about the Stanley Milgram experiments. Hadn't this guy ever thought for himself? Of course not. He's like a comp sci major or something. A philistine is what he is. He does what he's told, like hacking code or whatever it is. He's living proof of the banality of evil. He's the unknowing hand of a much larger, much more terrible system. And as I egged him on, it became clear to me that this meathead lacked the sentience necessary for paradigmatic transmogrification of any kind. There will never be a liminal bone in his rule-book-toting, code-hacking body.

I said to him, you've obviously never read 1984. You don't realize what you're doing. Ignoring my first contention, he said oh yes he does, and he was "kind" enough, just this once, to let me off with a warning.

Orwell once wrote that some pigs are more equal than others. I guess that's my RLA: he's definitely a pig and I guess he's more equal than I am. After all, I don't knock on his door and tell him to turn down his Dave Matthews CDs or to stop masturbating to back issues of PC World. His uncurbed acceptance of hierarchically configured legal and moral orthodoxies is symptomatic of the intellectually bereft, positivistic RLA mentality.

What RLAs at Lawrence really need to do is to adopt a self-questioning, extra-moral epistemology. Then I can live in peace. Until then, gentlemen—I shall go underground!

## Prof. and student spend hour in stalled elevator

BY PAUL SHRODE

On Wednesday the Main Hall elevator stopped unexpectedly between the first and second floors.

Security was alerted by the automatic malfunction alarm and arrived on the scene within a few minutes.

Security was able to pry open the first floor doors, and intended to reassure the trapped occupants that technicians were on their way, and that they would be out soon. Upon opening the doors, however, security officer Big John said "All I heard was laughter."

The occupants did not reply to repeated shouts from security, though security was certain they could be heard. "We shouted up to them and told them help was on the way, but they just kept laughing," said Big John.

After questioning several students and faculty, security was able to ascertain that the occupants of the stalled elevator car were Prof. Tim Spurgin and junior Melanie Kehoss.

"Well, when Spurgin and Melanie got on ahead of me, I decided I'd take the stairs. I mean they're nice people and all but, you know...they laugh a lot," said one student at the scene.

Another student reported that

Spurgin was leafing through a copy of the new book of Tom Tomorrow cartoons. "I think it's called 'Cartoons Representing Progressive, Sensitive Ideas About Gender and Sexuality' or something like that," said a witness. "And those are pretty funny," added another student at the scene.

When elevator technicians arrived on the scene, they had to make allowances for the unusual circumstances before they could enter the shaft and make the repairs to the elevator.

"This is a tricky business," said Ole Gunderson, chief technician. "I can't have my guys in there trying to work with all that racket. That kind of vibration could tear the car apart. Someone could get hurt."

Gunderson, his technicians, and security tried for fifteen minutes to get the attention of Spurgin and Kehoss, but the laughter continued.

There was a moment of panic on the ground when one security guard suggested that there might be a third person in the car. "At that point," said John, "we would have had no choice but to call the police and get a SWAT team in here. This was no laughing matter."

After consulting witnesses,

## On the progress of the soul towards the Lăwrentiän

It is at times such as these, times when we question the very foundations of our education, that our faith in the newspaper, the reflection of our better intentions, as it were, must be truly unshakable. For if not in us, who, when pillars of empire, as it were, are crashing in around our ears? That is, it is our duty,

it is the duty of this organ, and the obligation of this student body to support the duty of this organ, to give itself over, wholly, to the reestablishment, if not the resurrection, of the ideals, those true, Catholic fundamentals that undergird and bind us together as undergraduates.

Indeed all around us, there are those who would be false witnesses to the progress of our edification, when, in fact, we are, as it were, beset on all sides by those who dash from our lips the chalice of understanding just as we would taste from it. Truly, there can be no progress, no pilgrimage to the enlightened city, if the avari-

cious and wholly impure impulses are allowed to, as when the wolf cuts the shepherd of from his flock so his brother wolves might have their way with the sheep, usurp the finer inclinations of the mind. Only, and we must be firm in our resolve or it will not be so, when the student press, the conscience and

the foil of the student body, may act without restraint, unencumbered by the petty quarrels of those who would see it cast down in chains, can there be real discourse.

So far as we may come to bask in the radiance and harmony that is the community of ideas freely given and received, to that degree we may hope to come to know progress, that most subtle and illusive of mistresses, the modern man's golden hind, and the lode stone of our existence. It is here, in the mouthpiece of the student soul, the Lăwrentiän, that we find the smithy in which we will forge the consciousness of our race.

## Staff Editorial

The Lăwrentiän, USPS 306-680, is published once a year, and is distributed free of charge to students, faculty, and staff on the Lawrence University campus. It is free, of course, unless you count the time wasted reading it. Mail subscriptions are twenty dollars per year plus a shipping and handling service fee of \$40,000 in a cashier's check made payable the editor in chief. Second-class postage paid at Appleton, Wisconsin (a truly second-class community). POSTMASTER: Forget about address changes. We don't really care. Editorial policy is arbitrarily determined by the editor in chief using a complex series of mathematical systems and equations. No one really knows how it all works, but who are we to question genius?



## THE LÄWRENTIÄN

Any opinions which appear unsigned probably don't belong in the paper and we're not sure how they got there.

Letters to the editor will be read aloud at staff meetings and severely mocked in only the most ferocious manner. The best submissions will be compiled and published in our first book: How Can They Be So Stupid? The editor reserves the right to edit for style, space, and to confuse an argument to the point of incoherence.

Now you can read the Lăwrentiän on the web. Check out: [www.paulshrode.com/lawrentian.html](http://www.paulshrode.com/lawrentian.html)

### Editorial Policy

All submissions to the editorials page must be turned in to the Lăwrentiän no later than 8 p.m. on the Tuesday before publication. Deadline subject to change without rhyme, reason, or notice.

If submitted on a computer disk, submissions must be in Appleworks 2.0 for the IIGS format.

Letters to the editor should not be more than 5 words. If you cannot say it in 5 words, it's not worth saying at all.

Paul Shrode is.....  
Allison Augustyn, Jessie Augustyn, Lance Benzel, Devin Burke, Andra Durham, Ray Feller, Rachel Hoerman, Andrew Karre, Tom Kilian, Cameron Kramlich, Ryan Marx, Jeff Peyton, Tim Schmidt, Stuart Schmitt, Benjamin Schwartz, Tom Shriner, Nathan Simington, Alex Willie, Dom Yarnell

Lăwrentiän "Advisor":.....Paul Shrode

security was able to establish that Spurgin and Kehoss were the only occupants.

The elevator technicians, after consulting by phone with other technicians, were able to devise a solution. Apparently, technicians have a procedure wherein they slowly lower the oxygen level in the car until the occupants pass out.

Gunderson supervised his crew as they evacuated the oxygen from

the car. After about fifteen minutes the laughter subsided, and technicians were able to lower the car without incident.

Spurgin and Kehoss were revived shortly after the car was lowered. Neither were available for comment at press time, but doctors have assured the Lăwrentiän that it will only be a matter of days before it will once again become impossible to enjoy a meal or a play.



# Detractors denounce Patterson as heretic, obstacle to progress

continued from page 1

Patterson's first-floor immolation, placed her act within the ancient history of ascetic sacrifice. Said Chaney, "Just as St. Simeon, the great 4th century holy man, perched upon a pillar for over forty years, sacrificing bodily comforts for spiritual concerns, so has Cindy—the great Cindy—clung to her column for three days, wearing not a hair shirt, but a silk fuschia library jacket, eating not unleavened bread, but bread crumbs from the pocket of that jacket."

"She is to be commended," said Chaney. "No, no, she is to be venerated!"

"Certainly," affirmed Chaney.

In keeping with Chaney's mystic interpretation of the librarian's act, Lawrence Christian Fellowship has announced plans to launch a letter-writing campaign to the Vatican, lobbying to have the employee canonized for her efforts. It is also rumored that members of the obscure apocalyptic sect have already begun referring to Patterson as St. Cindy, Glorious Martyr of the Mudd among its secret circles.

Professor of History Edmund Kern, for his part, prefers to view the librarian in a strictly secular context. "Now, on the one hand, Cindy exhibits many of the characteristics of a typical librarian—the fuschia jacket, for example—but on the other she has abandoned the conventional book retrieval strategies particular to

the field. I refer, of course, to the devices of pedantry and passive aggression, filtered through a veneer of benign concern for library policy—a hallmark of the university librarian.

"Moreover," he continued, "I feel that this raises important questions about the character and methods of the modern librarian...What is her last resort? Does she express her frustrations in a patently bombastic fashion, as she has done here, or should these concerns yield to popular, yet undeniably outdated notions of 'service with a smile' and so on down the line?"

"If you ask me, I say that Cindy Patterson represents a new archetype of circulation, a new Weltanschauung of the circulating woman, if you will. And I, for one, will be collecting all of my overdue library materials for return to the circulation desk—be they book, media, or reserve items—and I call on every single responsible member of this community to do the same."

"Umm-kay," he added.

But not every library patron shares such high esteem for the librarian's devotion to her career.

Fraternity member and first-floor regular Jake O'Connor has been critical of Patterson since her ascension more than three days ago. "Why's she trying to get all up in my face, you know? It's not like I have overdue books. I don't even check out books—you don't really need them when you've got a sweet stack of old tests in your house. But I was just

like, whatever, man, if she wants to climb to the top of the library pole that's cool, too, you know?"

O'Connor did allow, however, that opinions on the Patterson matter might not be completely uniform among the identical communities of Abercrombie-sporting, JOOP!-smelling types who occupy the first floor of the library: "Yeah, it's like Marcus's girl Suzie starts yapping at the table about how the library lady is being all 'noble' and stuff, with her 'principles' and all that. But we silenced her pretty quick."

He continued, "you know, Suzie's all right sometimes but she's gotta get over that whole talking thing. It's yap yap this and yap yap that, you know?"

"Come to think of it," he said, "what the hell is Suzie doing in the library, anyway? She doesn't read. She just plays herself out so that all the guys can watch her strut her stuff all over the lobby. Plus, I hear that she's been getting on Marcus's boy Johnny whenever Marcus is off campus at a meet. I mean, Marcus just took third at state, you know? He doesn't need to hear about how his girlfriend got jiggy with one of his brothers after the beach bash. And on top of all that there's this lady shouting from the ceiling in the library? What is that?"

"You know, it's getting pretty bad around here these days," Marcus added. "I'm thinking maybe I'll have to go study in the house."

Reference Librarian Gretchen Revie is another outspoken critic

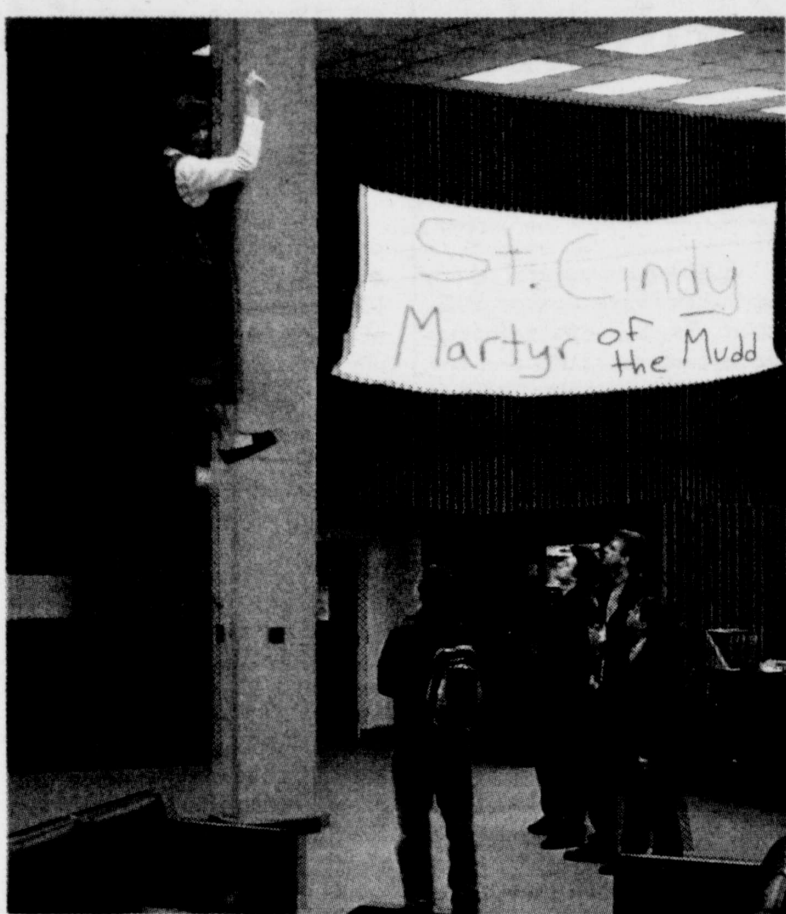


photo by Paul Struble

"I am the a.001.a and the z.999.z," preached St. Cindy perched high atop the pillar.

of the circulation manager, citing Patterson's behavior as a "disturbance" that "has not only disrupted studying conditions for students, but may set back womens' advances in library science by decades."

Her Lawrentian interview culminated in a grueling 45-minute Internet search session for the proper definition of 'martyr,' during which she repeatedly

argued that different search terms yield different search results.

Timothy Spurgin, professor of English and spouse to Revie, uxoriously nodded in assent.

It is unclear at the time of publication how Patterson's sacrifice has affected the return of overdue library materials, but one thing is certain: she takes library work very seriously.



## In Memoriam

### "The Chief"

Lance Benzel  
1997-2001

